AN ENGLISH EXPERT ON AMERICAN HORTICULTURE.

What the Curator of the Royal Gardens at Kew Saw in the United States.

de Important Interview Furnished to THE SUS by the Kindness of the New York Tribune. George Nicholson, curator of the Royal Gardens at Kew, who has been spending rather more than two months in this country. sailed for home a few days ago. Mr. Nicholson was appointed a judge of hortleuiture at the Columbian Exposition for Great Britain by the Royal Commission, and he spent a month at

tion just before he sailed Mr. Nicholson said, in reply to some questions: "I cannot very well say much about horticulture in the Fair, inasmuch as the judges are under instructions not to discuss the matter, and it would be obviously out of place for me, in the light of these instructions, to talk about exhibits at this time for publication." "You would not object, however, to giving your impressions of the scenic effects of the

the Fair in his official capacity. In conversa-

Fair from the point of view of a landscape

I was charmed by very much of this work. both in its broad design and in its details. The conception of the scene, as a whole, was certainly the work of great artists. I was especially pleased by the planting of the margins of the iagoon and the shores of the wooded island, which seemed to me work of the first quality. The highest compliment I heard paid to it was from a citizen of Chicago, who anoved surprise upon hearing me speak of it with some enthusiasm, and said, 'Why, water margins just like this can be found in lots of lakes around Chicago! which was the best of evidence that this was a true reproduction of natural scenery. Among the exhibits with which I had nothing to do I can say, of the fruits, for example, that they seemed to me marvellous, especially the specimens of fruit which had been preserved in liquid, which were among the most perfect in form and color I ever saw."

Being asked if he had seen much of the country besides Chicago, Mr. Nicholson said:
"I made a flying trip as far south as Roan Mountain on the borders of eastern Tennessee and western North Carolina, in order to get a glimpse of the rich forest flora of that region. and I feel inclined to urge every visitor from Europe who is interested in trees to visit this Southern Appalachian region. I went as far west as St. Louis, and made a hurried inspection of the Botanical Garden there, which is under the care of Prof. Trelease. I found an extremely well equipped herbarium, a good library, and an institution which is so richly ndowed that it ought to become in time one of the great gardens of the world.

THE ARNOLD ARBORETUM. "My specialty, however, is trees and shrubs. and, therefore, the place to which I went first and stayed longest was the Arnold Arboretum in Boston, and of this unique institution I can hardly speak without enthusiasm. I know of nothing just like it. There are other arboreta in the world, but they are all subordinated as annexes or dependencies to botante gardens. This is a true arboretum, devoted to trees and shrubs exclusively. It is young yet, but it is conceived on a broad scale, and the foundations are laid wide and deep to admit of growth and expansion, so that ultimately every tree and shrub capable of cultivation in the climate of Boston will here be found, and it already contains the most complete collection yet made of shrubs which are hardy in the north temperate zone. Of course all the plants are arranged systematically, according to their botanical sequence; but the natural advantages of the place, with its beautifully undulating ground, are made the most of, so that splendid landscape effects are produced. The margins of the roadways are planted with shrubs which give beautiful effects the year through, with flowers in spring, rich foliage in summer, and colored leaves and fruit in autumn. And these shrubs are used with such profusion that one may find more individuals of certain species here than can be found in all the other botanical gardens of the world combined. Besides its scientific value this great collection is so arranged as to present one of the very best lessons in natural planting that can be seen anywhere. In addition to this planting there are many acres of natural woodland, in which are old trees and a thrifty young growth to furnish object lessons in practical forestry, and near one boundary there is a steep slope clothed with an ancient hemlock wood, which gives a feature which cannot be matched in dignity and beauty in with which I am acquainted.

'In the systematic plantations every single specimen was raised on the grounds, and a complete record is kept of them. On a carefully formed map the position of every tree is marked, and reference to the unique card catalogue will give a complete history of every plant, so that the student will know when the seed was planted or the cutting was rooted; or, if it is grafted, where the stock and scion came from together with an account of its size or habit every year and any peculiar circumstance connected with any stage of its life. I know of no other establishment where records of this kind are made, so that the catalogue which is useful now will grow in value as time goes on. But perhaps these details are all familiar to you."

Mr. Nicholson was assured that Americans, as a rule, had perhaps as little familiar acquaintance with the arboretum as Europeans, and he therefore continued: "Well, all your people ought to know that in the museum at the entrance to the arboretum is a herbarium devoted to woody plants which is unrivailed. and that here, too, is the best working dendrological library in the world. Of course you do not need to be told how Prof. Sargent, the director of the arboretum, stands among men of science, but I can only add that his position is recognized by every European botanist of rank, and, in a way, through the arboretum. he is doing a great deal for Europe as well as for America. He returned last autumn from an extended purney in Japan, bringing with bim the seeds of more than 300 species of plants. Perhaps a hundred of these have never been under cultivation, and tens of thousands of plants from these seeds are already established, and they will be distributed from the Arnold Arboretum to en-Mich the gardens, not of America alone, but of the entire Western world. This is nothing new, for already many of the most interesting ornamental plants in use have been disseminated from this same source. In his office in the museum building Prof. Sargent is writing his great work. 'The Silva of North America.' which contains a description of every tree growing in America north of Mexico, and consider the most important contribution of the century to dendrological literature. In this work Prof. Sargent has the cooperation of Mr. C. E. Faxon, one of the arboretum staff, who is unrivalled as a botanical artist. Prof. Sargent is also the director of Garden and Forest, which is in a way the illustrated organ of the arboretum, and therefore contains much original information as to trees soltains much original information as to trees and shrubs, and is a horticultural journal of the highest class in every way. For example, the series of letters now running in this publication descriptive of his Japanese trip contains a summary of all that is known of the forest first of Japan up to this date. It is well shown that these islands are right in artoreal excitation, and from their position, facing the leading as your own shores look out upon the Atlantic, they produce trees under similar conditions to those of northeastern America, so that many of the trees which Prof. Sargent has brought from Japan will doubtless grow on the eastern shore of the United States better than they will in Europe."

THE GARDENS AT WELLESLEY AND HOLME LEADING YOU visit any of the private places in

Did you visit any of the private places in Bid you visit any of the private places in the athuris of Boston?"

Les and I found many of them most intersiting on account of their plantations. This separately true of Mr. Hunnewell's place at wiles; which is very well known in Englands are if has been repeatedly described in against periodicals. His collection is especialized in the province of plantation goes, its grounds and greenhouses contain a larger number of plants than any other

private collection in America. Mr. Hunnewell tells me that he had aimest reached middle age when he began plannica, forty years age, and yet every iree now grewing on his grounds has been planned under his supervision, and he still takes a most active interest in horticulture. He not only make avery liberal extenditures for specimens to add to his collection, but he loves horticulture in a public-spirited way, and it is to his munificance that the Arnold Arboretum owes the fine museum building at its entrance. You would hardly have time to hear a full account of all the private places I visited, but I must not neglect to mention a wonderful collection of Japanese Irises brought from Japan by Mrs. John L. Gardiner of Brookline. They were better than any I had seen in Europe, since they are cultivated apparently under nearly natural conditions. Inasmuch as I stopped at Prof. Sargent's place I became hetter acquainted with Holme Lea than any other, and it is the only large place I have seen in which no tender bedding plants are used for decoration, the effect relied upon being produced by the skifful use of trees and shrabs. There are large expanses of rolling lawns and many acres of natural wood, with hickories, cake, and other trees, &c., some 200 years old, with a beautiful undergrowth of smilax and many other native plants which we cultivate for ornament in Europe. When I say there are no bedding plants here I do not mean that there are no flowers raised on the place, for there are flowers in profusion in greenhouses and in the flower garden for cutting. I simply mean that tender bedding plants are not used as part of the scenery. I never saw hetter glozimas, for example, or a nobler excelment of guisqualis Indica lian the one which was climbing in one of the greenhouses in tull flower and in the flower garden for cutting, it is imply mean that tender bedding plants are not used as part of the scenery. I never saw hetter glozimas, for example, or a nobler excelment of guisqualis Indica line in the second of th

NOTABLE NURSERIES.

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"I presume you visited some of our large commercial establishments in different parts of the country."

"You may be sure I did, and found them very instructive. The famous nurseries of Ellwanger & Barry of Richester, for instance, which cover about 600 acres in all, have about 400 of them in fruit trees. I had no idea that the cultivation of fruit trees had attained such enormous proportions in any one establishment. I saw here, too, great numbers of ornamental trees, some of them larger than I had seen elsewhere. The large office building is situated in the midst of a beautiful lawn, surrounded by trees, and perfect neatness and order prevailed everywhere. These nurserymen cultivate on their own grounds every new variety of fruit they can secure. to test them, but only propagate and sell those varieties whose value they have proved. It is the same with grape vines, of which there are twenty acres of different sorts in cultivation, and they fruit every one and test its worth before they offer it for saic. I saw fifteen acres of roses in all, in perfect health. As an illustration of the care these people take in cultivating stock, I will say that they do not sprow the trees twice on the same land in succession. After they have removed one lot they hire another farm, so that fresh ground can be secured, and by this means they always have healthy stock, so that it is a genuine treat to see the products of their care. A handsome pavilion was shown to me, dedicated to the children of Kochester, and built at the expense of this firm, whose public spirit is also shown by the fact that they gave twenty acres of land to be used by the poople as a park. Another notable nursery is the one in Waukegan, Ili., where the veteran Robert Douglas, the pionnear in raising forest-tree seedlings in America, still grows confiers in enormous number, especially such Western mountain trees as the blue spruce, the Colorado Douglas fir, and the new spruce named after Professor Brewer of Yale, with long pendulous branches like a weeping w

"One of the most interesting days I spent in America was in Germantown, where i visited Mr. Thomas Mechan, the Nestor among American tree lovers and planters. I was particularly glad to make Mr. Mochan's acquaint and the second of the most important nurse-level and the loud the foundation of that extensive knowledge which has enabled him to build up one of the most important nurse-ries in America. Here I found a larger number of American trees and shrubs than can be found in any other nursery in the world, and it is through Mr. Meelan's efforts, I am told, that American trees are now so much more largely cultivated in their native land than nursery may be founding woods, and maples by make your and the street of a century ago. In this norse, the meanurs, and here is the only place, I believe, where many of the rarer trees and shrubs can be had in large quantities. Here, too, I saw remarkable examples of many rare trees, such as the broad-leaded maple of Oregon, the cedvela from northern China, the Horent dukes of Japan, a curious tree with thick fiesby fruit stems, which are caten by the Japanees. Mr. Mechan has done the people good service in securing as which are caten by the good service in securing as which are caten by the good service in securing the fifteen years since he entered the Common Council of his adopted city he has been instrumental in adding eighteen small parks to the park system of Philadelphia.

"Germantown itself is a place which every foreigner interested in American trees should wish, as the people of this suburt of Philadelphia."

"Germantown trees the suburb of Philadelphia 100 years ago to and cultivation of rested in the direct ultivated specimen in American frees were originally planted here and may still be seen. Among these is the older planted specimen in American frees were originally planted here and may still be seen. Among these is the older planted for his duke the planted for his adding the planted for his account of the function of the surface of the planted in American fr

DOSORIS AND HYDE PARE.

"Have you spent much time in the neighborhood of New York?"
Not so much as I should have wished to spend. I was entertained for a day by Mr. Charles A. Dans at his beautiful home on the island of Dosoris, on the north shore of Long Island, where he has a wonderful collection of trees and shrubs. There are many things which are thriving here which will not grow further north. The grounds are rich in conligers and in rare exotis trees which have been collected from all parts of the world, and the collection is well eared for by his head gar-

and the example ought to be of great service and his example ought to be of great service to American horticulture.

"Very enjoyable, too, was a trip I made up the Hudson Biver to Poughkeensie, and then by carriage to Hyde Park, the old estate new possessed by Mr. Walter Langdon, which was planted by the famous French landscape gardener. Parmentier, for Dr. Hossack, in the early part of this century. Its age gives it a special interest in a country where everything looks so new to a visitor from the Old World. The place contains many fine old trees, notably one of the best gingkes I have seen here. There is a splendid growth of chestnut, oak, white pine, and hemicek, and the best example of pitch pine which I have ever seen. The situation, on a natural terrace overlooking the river, with a distant view of the Catskills toward the north, and an equally attractive outlook down the river, is unsurprased in grandeur and beauty. It is a place which every Englishman who visits New York should see, for its natural features are superior to those of any place which I have visited, and its original beauties have been carefully preserved and emphasized by judicious and skilful management. It is certainly an admirable example of landscape gardening on a broad scale, where appropriate foregrounds have been prepared for the magnificent distances. It seems a pity that this estate could not be preserved for public uses as an example of domestic rural landscape, in connection with a noble river and equally noble mountain ranges."

PARKS IN AMERICA.

not be preserved for public use as an example of domestic rural landscape, in connection with a noble river and equally noble mountain ranges."

Something having been said in regard to city parks, Mr. Nicholson said: "I went to Control Park on the first morning after my arrival, and the superintendent, Mr. Parsons, very kindly accompanied me to porture where I was contained to get the motor may refer my arrival, and the superintendent, Mr. Parsons, very kindly accompanied me to porture where I was considered to get the motor may well be proud of it, because it as perfect an example of pastoral seenery as an econeciwed of in the heart of a gense of spaciousness and breadth within a uch contracted and rocky limits is certainly admirable. The masses of flowering silrubs are in my view an admirable feature of your Park, and they are growing remarkably well. There are few of what are known as bedding plants in it, and these seem to be in their proper places. Among the flowers the water lilles were especially attractive, because it was the first time I had seen them in such perfection in the open air. I found afterward in Washington, and especially in the parks of Chicago, however, the plantations seriously need thinning, and many of the trees should be cut out. They were originally planted too thickly, and they have been left to crowd each other already too long. You cannot grow six trees on thin soils where there is only room or nutriment enough for two, any more than you can bring up a lamily of half a dezon children on food which two healthy ones could consume. The confers seem to be shortlived here, and the increasing smoke and dust, at the city thickens about the Park, will make it still more difficult to grow them in the future, and it seems to me that most of the Norway spruces should be rooted out at one. Unfortunately, my visit to Prospect Park was made the morning after the cyclone struck it, and it was strewn with branches of the swith the oid native trees in Liucola Park, thickens and the nactive seen in PARKS IN AMERICA.

the entire United States have reason to be so, because it is in every way a national collection. One of the things which has struck me in America was the fact that among the rich men of the country there are so many public spirited citizens who are willing to expend their money for the general enlightenment of the people. The name of Mr. Jesup, of whose generosity the collection is a monument, will always be gratefully remembered by lovers of trees and students of dendrology."

SYAKES TAKE THE GOLD CURE.

Two That Were Good Ratters and Mouser When They Were Sober.

"You know what a bullsnake is, of course; it is about that long, and as big around as this, though they vary in size, as others do." It was Petie Bigelow talking. He is the best known newspaper man on the Pacific coast. and the most picturesque in five continents. It was he who went to the den of the train back of Fresno, and returned with a page interview, which he printed, when all the law officers of California, aided by Apache trailers. could only get near enough to the robbers to get shot by them. Petie is rusticating now in New York, because the Fresno Grand Jury want him as an accessory after the fact because he refused to tell the Sheriff where he found the robbers. He denies that the robbers allowed him to visit them on condition that he would tell them some of his famous

anake stories.

However: "The bullsnake," continued Petic. " is an intelligent reptile, and ordinarily a model of industry and sobriety; but I know two, named Napoleon and Patsy, which fell

a model of industry and sobriety; but I know two, named Napoleon and Patsy, which fell from grace in a sad manner. They are famous ratters and mousers. All bullsnakes are;) but these two were especially skilled. They were owned by a friend of mine, an orchardist in the Sonoma Valley, and had a wide reputation for the celerity and thoroughness with which they cleaned out the rats and mice of any ranch building they were put into. Their owner, my friend, earned quite an income loaning them out at so much a day to neighbors with vermine-infested barns.

"Another friend of mine, a vineyardist in the Napa Valley, had an old wine cellar where mice and rats were so plentiful it was really dissouraging, especially as his wines are very good and pleasant to sample, except thatwell, mice and rats are not the company one would select for a wine sampling afternoon.

"Well, I told my Napa county friend of the bullsnakes owned by my Sonoma county friend, and he sent for them. The first result distressed me, don't you know; pained me exceedingly. Those two bullsnakes, with a reputation for integrity and strict business inticiples which extended from Petaluma to Agnews, forgot their early training, neglected the rats and mice, and took to wine drinking in a manner resulty shocking.

"You know in those ocilars wines are drawn by hose from one cask to another, which requires many open bungholes. The cellarmen became nervous, for after a bit they never knew when they approached a cask whether the black thing hanging out of the bung was a section of hose or Patsy or Napoleon."

Petie paused to sip a little absinthe and water. He has given up wine drinking.

"A curious thing about a drunken snake is." he resumed. "that instead of moving forward on its bely in a crooked line. It moves backward, on its back, in a straight line. But everything came out all right."

"On, yes, I sent the snakes down to Los Gatos, where they took the keeley cure. They are head in the best in my trigon's wine cellar hard at

"indeed?" On, yes. I sent the snakes down to Los Catos, where they took the Keeley cure. They are back in my friend's wine cellar hard at work and dead sober. They've cleared out every mouse in the cellar except a few red and green ones I noticed the last time I went there."

How Edison Took Up Electricity.

From the Chicago Took Up Electricity.

From the Chicago Toily Inter Ocean.

"Now that you have left electricity, how did you first come to enter it?"

"I will tell. It was by a peculiar incident. I was solling papers on a train running out of Detroit. The news of the great battle of Shiloth. (IC.006) killed and wounded, came in one night. I knew the telegratch operator at Detroit and I went to him and made a trade.

"I promised him Harper's Wonthly and the New York Tribuae regularly if he would send out little despatches along the line and have them posted up publicly. Then I went to the Free Press and book 400 copies. That emptied my treasury. I wanted 200 more. They sent me up to the editor. It was Wilbur Storey, a dark-looking man. I managed to get up to his desk and make a strong plea. He listened and then yelled out, Give this arab 200 papers. I look 600 papers out. I was taken off my feet when we reached the first little station. The depet was crowded with mon wanting papers. The next station it was worse, and I raised the Drice of the paper to 10 cents. At the third station there was a mob and I sold out with papers going at 25 cents aplece.

"Well, do you know, that episode impressed me that telegraphy was a great thing, and I went into it. Telegraphy led to electricity."

OPEN-AIR DINING IN GOTHAM. CHOICE FRENCH WINES AND VIANDS

SERVED BENEATH THE STARS. Flowers Mask the Terrace Where Gather Nightly Cosmopolitin Groups of Biners-Onlon Soup and Bare Clarets Ordered by the Initiated-Verbal Misunderstandings.

Dining in the open air is one of the enjoyments that New Yorkers very soldom have the opportunity to indulge in, even n summer. There are few restaurants in the city where such advantages are offered—for slpping cool drinks on a roof garden can hardly be called dining al fresco. At the neighboring seaside and Palisade resorts the crafty restaurant keeper has set his tables on sheltered porches or in shaded groves, and the patronage he receives in consequence amply repays him for his trouble. But if one knows where to find them there

are places on this island-and convenient places, too-where one may dine and see the stars reflected in the soup. They are frequentbetter where to dine than he of Bohemia? There is one restaurant in town that may

well claim the privilege of serving as an example of this open-air kind of dining room. It is a place well known to many in the city, and the fame of its wine cellar has spread even across the ocean, and has wandered up the boulevards within the hearing of men whom the world has recognized as connoisseurs in the gastronomic art. It is perhaps needless to say that this restaurant is run by a Frenchman. but it is only just to the "patron" to add that he runs it in true French style. There are



EATING ONION BOUR.

several dining rooms indoors, but at the rear of these a broad flooring has been erected, with boxes of flowers to hide the interior from the street and with a heavy piece of canvas overhead that can be rolled downward to protect the diners in case of a sudden summer shower. This part of the restaurant is called the terrace. There is room for about thirty tables, and these are served by the conventional French waiters in long white aprons and short black coats. These men seldom know any English. Most of them have but recently landed, and although they know how to wait on a table, they can hardly make their New

on a table, they can hardly make their New York guests understand what is on the menu if questions are asked. The head waiter, however, speaks English well, and this, perhaps, adds to his importance.

In the warm weather this place is thronged every evening, and frequently people wait in the rooms inside for seats on the terrace. A sign announcing that no tables will be reserved after it o'clock hangs on the wall, and this rule is strictly adhered to. But there are a number of habitudes of the restaurant, and, in some way, these habitués always seem able to find a seat. But of them hereafter.

The reputation of this restaurant grew primarily out of the excellence of its table d'hôte. This is good, as table d'hôtes go, but no

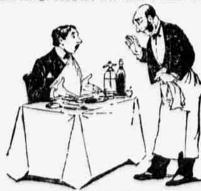


habitué of the place ever thinks of ordering it. He can dine better and far more cheaply if he orders à la carte. But the regular customers of a place like this are after all in the minority, and it is well that they should be. It is not well for the comfort of the guests as a whole to have such a factor too strong.

The scene on the terrace toward 7 o'clock is a most interesting one. The tables are filled with all sorts and conditions of people. A party of four, two pretty women and a couple of men in evening dress, next to a group of artists in queer costumes and flowing cravats. Near by a couple who have no time to observe their surroundings so busily are they engaged with one another. Fully half of those on the terrace are French, and as the conversation grows more animated the gestures of our Gallic cousins add a certain zest to the scene that makes it almost Parislan. The French women are always well dressed and vivacious, and do their part to add life to the surroundings.

A familiar figure on the terrace is a stout man with a Yandyke beard. He is known as





whole supply. There were now only pints left, and ever since then I have had to order pints."
The two diners filled their glasses and sipped meditatively the delicious Chateau M.—, As they did so the head waiter approached and tamping one of the bottles, said:
"There are only twelve more pints left,"
"Is that so!" exclaimed the editor, and then followed a long talk with the waiter. The latter



AN IMPORTED DUDE.

asserted that not another bottle of this wine could be bought even in France and that after these twelve bottles had been consumed there would be no more in the market. The editor inmediately purchased the dozen and ordered them sent to his house. The waiter recommended as the next beet wine to this a certain "Clos" that few people know of, which he thought was of about the same quality as the Chateau. He then went on to tell the two guests of the treasures in the cellar, and pointed out on the list those rare wines of which there were only a few more bottles left. In some cases there are half a dozen quarts, in others only two. And in no case have the prices been raised. But the public does not recognize the treasures by name. And so it is probable that the editor and his friends will for years to come rejoice in the best that there is in claret, while others absorb vintages bearing well-known names, but having a poorer bouquet.

All this goes to prove that in a place like this

poorer bouquet.

All this goes to prove that in a place like this it is all in knowing how to order. It is the same with the dishes on the bill of fare. The common herd take the table d'hôte, but the Marquis and the editor and the other habitués order à la carte. One dish of peculiar flavor is a real French peasant's onion soup. Let it be



said at the outset that it has no taste of onions about it. There are onions in it, and pleees of toast, and plenty of chees. The soup is made and then it is placed in the oven and baked for fifteen minutes. When served there is a rich golden crust over the top that bubbles up in an appetizing way when the filver ladle dips into it. Almost every Frenchman who dines on the terrace calls for it and it is without doubt as good a dish as the house affords. Some of the amusing things to be seen while at dinner in the open air at this resort are the costumes of the men from over the sea. The Latin races have a different idea concerning dress from that which is generally accepted by Anglo-Saxons. The Gallie idea of style in a man is calculated to startle an Englishman or an American, yet frequent examples of this idea may be seen on the terrace. One man waiked in not long ago wearing pearl gray trousers, a white fiannol coat and waisteoat, a pink shirt, with a most gaudy blue nocktie, held by a ring, and hanging down to the edge of his low-cut waisteoat. His straw hat was bound with a blue ribbon dotted with white spots. There is no doubt but what he considered his get-up perfectly stunning. The Americans present nudged one another and

of his low-cut waisteant. His straw hat was bound with a bine ribbon dotted with white spots. There is no doubt but what he considered his get-up perfectly stunning. The Americans present nudged one another and smiled behind their napkins.

But Americans frequently give their French neighbors a chance to laugh at them, too. Sometimes a lone individual who has heard of the terrace wanders into the place and a seat is assigned him. The French waiter brings him something which he has not ordered, and a violent conversation in the sign language is sure to follow. The stranger can speak no French and the waiter understands only enough English to give thanks for a tip. After a while the head waiter comes to the rescue and things are straightened out satisfactorily. But in the meanwhile the Gaul has had his revenge on the race by watching the struggles of the lonely Anglo-Saxon.

And so it goes every night. The various people wander in and wander out, pretty women dine and drink and pass again beyond the limits of the terrace, but the good things are always there, and if you lift your head you

are always there, and if you lift your head you may see the stars twinkling brightly overhead.

PAINLESS DENTISTRY. Bldn't Know When the Tooth Came Out, But, Oh, His Other Troubles!

From the Boston Herald.

Big Kaow When the Touth Came Ont, But, Oh. Bis Other Troubles!

The the Marquis and almost every working he concept the the Marquis and almost every working he concept the the theory of the terres.

The Marquis and almost every working he concept the the Marquis and almost every working he concept the theory of the terres. The terres with a fixed part of the terres of the capet to get a good hold with the forests, then the concept the terres of the capet to get a good hold with the forests, then the concept the terres of the capet to get a good hold with the forests, then the concept the terres of the capet to get a good hold with the forests, then the concept the terres of the capet to get a good hold with the forests, then the concept the terres of the capet to get a good hold with the forests, then the concept the terres of the capet to get a good hold with the forests, then the concept the terres of the capet to get a good hold with the forests, then the capet the get a good hold with the forests, then the capet the get a good hold with the forests, then the capet the get a good hold with the forests, then the capet the get a good hold with the forests, then the capet the get a good hold with the forests, then the capet the get a good hold with the forests, then the get a good hold with the forests, then the get a good hold with the forests, the terre with a file of the get a good hold with the forests the get a good hold with the forests the terre with a file of the get a good hold with the forests the terre with a file of the get a good hold with the forests the get a good hold with the forest the get a good hold with the forest the good hold with

Wholesale Marder by Men Whose Religio

From Bully's Magopine, Thuggee, summarily defined, is, or rather was, a profession by which, century after century, thousands of Indian males. Brahmins as vell as Mohammedans, bound themselves by the most solemn oaths, and under religious ceremonies carried out with the sublimits attaching of old to the Eleusinian Mysteries. to unite in secret societies whose purpose it was to punish the human race, and thus to merit the approbation of Bhowanes, by whom men and women are abhorred. This punishment took the form of enticing rich travellers to become the companions of armed bands of Thugs, who, pretending to be merchants, or soldiers seeking service with the Nizam, or with Holkar, Scindish, or others among the powerful feudel princes, offered protection and companionship to defenceless bunness, or traders, to sahoucars (sowcars) or bankers, to zemindars on the road to big cities laden with rupees, bars of silver, or bills of exchange, which they had received in payment for their crops. Even professional robbers, or dacoits, were followed for days and nights by wary bodies of Thugs, who atand nights by wary pooles of Things, who ac-tacked and murdered them when a convenient spot in the road or jungle was reached, and robbed them of their plunder. All this homicide was wrought by the simple agency of a silk handkerchief flung from be-hind over the hond and throat of a victim, who

All this homicide was wrought by the simple agency of a silk handkerelief flung from behind over the head and throat of a victim, who was instantaneously strangled, and in most cases his or her neek dislocated by the dextersor ous application of the bhuilote, or strangler's knuckles, under the victim's ears. One essential preliminary to the successful and undetected perpetration of all these countless crimes was that the hyghnes, or grave diggers, a strackled to each band of Thugs were sent in advance by the commanding officer—the organization of these bands was strictly military—to an indicated spot some miles ahead, in order to prepare the grave for the victims about to be murdered. Great skill was shown in selecting a fitting spot for the execution of the murders and the preparation of the grave, so that no evidence of the crime should meet the eye. The spot selouted was often on the edge of a bushy stream, where the unconscious victim was asked to descend from the vehicle in which he was travelling, so as to lighten the load of the bullocks or horses which had to climb the high bank on the other side. Scarcely had the poor wretch's foot touched the ground before the deadly handkerchief was round his neck, and the foul deed was accomplished. The burying party then ran forward, caught up the body, and carried it to the grave prepared for it, either among the bushes or rocks, or in the bed of the stream. Every member of the murdered man's party or escort, including women and children, was killed simultaneously by other bhutoles, or stranglers, and within a few minutes the bodies of all were buried together in one long and deep grave, into which huge rocks were flung, to prevent the keen-scented jackals from burrowing down and devouring the prey.

The murderous band of robbers then betook themselves once more to the road after a delay of a few minutes, and such was their knowledge of the country in which the breach of their leaders, pursuit was virtually impossible. Scouts were continually thrown out in advance

sina. Scouts were continually thrown out in advance, on the flank, or in the rear of "Blowance, statisful children," and such was the skill and vigitance under which the lives of thousands of rich victims were sacrificed year after year that for centuries total immunity, not only from punishment, but even from suspicion, was the reward accorded by Bhowance and her bloodthirsty husband. Siva, to those scourges of the human race.

Meadows Taylor, in his three-voitumed work entitled "Confessions of a Thug," tells us that most of the information supplied in his work came from a rullian called Ameer All, who told him that, before he turned informer to save his worthless life, he had, as a Thug, put to death with his own hand 710 victims. "Ah! Sahib." he added, regretfully, "if I had not been in prison for twelve years, the number would certainly have been 1,000." When Ameer Ali was five years old his father and mother were killed by Thuga. The boy was spared through the interposition of one of the band, and was reared as a Thug. A chapter in Meadows Taylor's work tells how Ameer Ali killed his first man. Ameer Ali's father had persuaded a rich sowcar to accompany the band of Thugs which the old man commanded from the sowcar's home in Nagpoor to Hyderabad, whither they were all bound. The sowcar, imagining himself to be in honest hands, informed the head of the band of murderers that he was about to carry a good deal of treasure, together with some valuable jewels and merchandise, from Nagpoor to Hyderabad. "Just at nightfall," said Ameer Ali. 'the sowcar cane to our camp in a small travelling cart, with two servants and three ponies, on merchandise, from Nagpoor to firderabad.

"Just at nightfall," said Ameer Ali. 'the sow-car came to our camp in a small travelling cart, with two servants and three ponies, on which his tent and baggage were laden, and with ten bullocks and their drivers. Altogether there were eight mon, including the sowcar. He was n large, unwieldy man, and I thought him a good subject for my first trial. My father, to whom I mentioned my thoughts, was much pleased with me.

" " Daily did I repair to my instructor, an old and accomplished bindiets, in order to make myself perfect in my profession. Our journey lay through the richest manufacturing districts of Hindostan until we approached Comraotic, between which and Mungloor three stages interpose. 'Soon, whispered my father to me. I shall decide on the place for ending this matter, among some low hills and ravines not far ahead.' The guides were called in and gave a very clear description of a spot admirably adapted for our purpose. I now felt that my time had almost come. Perhaps it was a youth's weakness, but from that moment I kept out of sight of the sowcar as much as possible. An involuntary shudder cropt over me when I did see him; but it was too late to retract and I had a character to gain. It was generally known throughout our band that I had the sowcar assigned to me, and all jooked for-

youth's weakness, but from that moment I kept out of sight of the sower as mined as bossible. An involuntary shudder erept over me when I did see him; but it was too late to retract and I had a character to gain. It was generally known throughout our band that I had the sower assigned to me, and all looked forward to my first trial, cheering and encouraging me with a few words when were I drew near them. The hamker of weapon, my son; put thy heart into it. In the holy name of Kalce ishowanee, I bid it do thy will!"

"We remained in ecoversation some time, and then threw ourselves en our carpots to snatch a brief rest. Before long we were roused, and all moved out together. The night was beautiful, the road excellent, and we pushed on in high spirits. The booty we were about to secure, the tact with which the whole affair had been managed, would mark it as an enterprise of superior craft and skill. We had proceeded about two cose flour miles when one of the secuts made his way to my father's side. Is the hole cleared? asked my later. Inshalla, it is. See you you dark outline of hills? A stream runs from them, and in its bed we have made the thin, or burying place. You will say we have done woll. It is half a coss tone miles from here. All were warned to be sliently at their poats, and each man or pair of men hing close on the rear of those asigned to them. A man came from the from whispered a few words to my father, and signed to them. A man came from the from hispered a few words to my father, and signed to them. A man came from the from hispered a few words to my father, and as the proceeded about that dread moment my father, in a low voice, murmured 'Hooshares' 'caution." He then went to the slade of the cart and represented to the sowear that the bank was so steep and the bed of the situation of the stream so stony, that he would have to descend. He did you upon a small stream, with high and steep sides. This I felt intuitively was the spot, and it have bed of the sire with high or with high erection of the It Struck a Popular Keynote, The popularity of the song "After the Ball."

as indicated by its sales, has been phonomenal. 'Annie Rooney." which had probably been the most popular of songs, reached a sale in this country estimated at 175,000 to 200,000 country estimates at 1.000 to 200.000 country estimates at 1.000 to 200.000 to 200.000 publication not copyrighted here, and it was issued in many cheap editions as well as in the regular form. "After the Ball," which is copyrighted, has attained a sale larger than that of "Annie Hoohey," and, while the demand for it is not so great as it was it is described by an authority as "steady and healthy."

HARD TIMES AND FUNERALS.

MORIUARY CEREMONIES FROM TE UNDERTAKER'S POINT OF VIEW.

Grief Demands Less Expensive Puner Trappings When Money is Tight-Ting Which Heals Sorrow, Brings Quietw Obliviou or Uspaid Burial Charges he

If you want to find a cynic, ring the undertaker's bell. There are no blanks.

At the risk of getting a trifle cynical yourself, you might lure the undertaker into a discourse on his profession. It is easily enough done. Try a simple inquiry about whether the present hard times are affecting the business. It is the only button you will need to press. The undertaker will do the rest. It was the method employed by a SUN reporter the other day to secure the confidence of a Sixth avenue dealer in assorted funerals.

He sighed and nodded his head sadly. "But," suggested the reporter, "people will die, even if the times are hard. In fact, that

might hurry up some. And the dead must be buried, and the undertakers must do it." "See here," said the man of coffins, "if you feel called upon to shuffle off your mortal coll, and if you want to have a tip-top casket and a big funeral and a breezy spot in Greenwood you just take my advice and wait a bit. You see, sentiment is all right. It's a fine thing, But it isn't in it with hunger and cold and self-denial. The place people begin to economize is in the luxuries, and sentiment is a luxury. If you will insist upon dring now you may be sure that your friends will grieve sorely over the event, but-a large part of their sorrow will be because you selected such an in-

convenient season for your decease.
"If I'm to be your undertaker," pursued the cynic, as composedly as if he were talking of inviting the reporter out to lunch. "I would esteem it a personal favor if you would leave me the price of your funeral in your will."

"But --"
"Oh. yes! you feel that your friends would give you a big send-off. And so they would probably. I haven't a doubt of it. But whe would pay the bill? Now, you're a nice young man, I'm sure. And I'd like to see you put away in good shape. That is, of course, when your time comes. But much as I might like to see you have a funeral worthy of you, I don't feel like doing it myself. Of course, you understand that. Yes, of course. Now I have buried a great many people out of my own pocket, so to speak, but I'll never get any credit for it, not even in heaven, because the

pocket, so to speak, but I'll never get any credit for it, not even in heaven, because the recording angel knows I never intended to.

"Here is a little list," and the cynic took out a long book and ran his finger over bage after page of names. "These names represent \$10,000 worth of funerals. I did it. I buried them in various styles of the art, but never a cent have I had for it. And never a cent will i get for it; not even in heaven, as I said before, If an undertaker wants his money, he must get it as soon after the funeral as he can send in his biil. Time heals all wounds, you know, and in most cases a hom@opsthic dose will do. I'll make you a present of aine-tenths of my bills that have run over a month, and you needn't even say. Thank you!

"I've a box of ashes down in my cellar now. It's all there is left of as fine a man as you'lf find. He was from the other side. Died here, and his friends sent word to have the body cremated and they would send for the ashes. Well, as I say, they're down cellar. I've often thought of throwing them out into the street, but I don't just like to do it." and the cynic force himself in a moment of revery.

"That's the way it goes." he resumed, spreading out his hands and shrugging his shoulders. "I buried a man's wife a while ago, and inside of three weeks he had married another. I met him on the street and I said to him:

"Why didn't you pay me for the first one

and inside of three weeks he had married another. I met him on the street and I said to him:

"Why didn't you pay me for the first one before you got another?"

"But I have them sometimes when they can't help themselves," and the cynic chuckled.

"Here's a case, for instance. This woman owec me \$58 already. I have sued her for it, although I seldom do go to law about these things. Yesterday another child died, and as I hold the deed of her lot she cannot bury it there without my consent. She can afford to pay her bill, and I don't mean to allow her to bury this child there until I get my money."

"What is the smallest sum for which one can secure decent burial?"

"Well, a child can be buried for \$12; \$8 for the casket and carriage to the cemetery and \$1 for opening a grave. A new grave, of course, costs more.

"What do you mean by a new grave?"

"Why, you know in all the cemeterles they bury three or four bodies in many of the graves. In some cemeteries the put six or seven in one grave. Sometimes the bodies are of people not at all connected. Their friends could not afford a whole new grave. That costs from \$20 to \$30. In other cases the different members of a family are put into the

"Why, you know in all the cemeteries they bury three or four bodies in many of the graves. In some cemeteries they put six or seven in one grave. Sometimes the bodies are of people not at all connected. Their friends could not afford a whole new grave. That costs from \$20 to \$30. In other cases the different members of a family are put into the same grave. Not long ago I burled a man is Greenwood. He had had three wives and several children by each wife. The wives and most of the children died before he did. Each wife had a grave, and she and her children were burled in it. The man had always told me just where he wanted to be burled, and when we came to put him away we found a coffin aiready there. Whether it held the remains of his favorite wife or whether he had forgotten one of them aitogether I don't know. "Around this locality we have a good many different nationalities. There are a few Italians. Their tastes are simple, and they pay their bills. We have more French. They are good customers. Sometimes they have elaborate funerals, but they pay promptly. They don't make much fuss; thero's no howling and carrying on, but it's generally the noisiest mourners who kick the hardest over the bills. The Irish are good payers. I don't think we have a single Irish name on our deadhead list. The Americans are the worst. The trouble with them is that they try to have a little nicer funeral than any of their neighbors ever had, and after they get their tears dried and see the figures they don't want to make the sacrifices that are necessary to pay the bill. The Jews don't spend much money on a funeral. Of course, they won't let a Christian touch the body. They you't is a plain pine coffin with the shavings left in. Wrap it up in a sheet, that's all. There are loss of other people who can't afford much more just now. This is the dullest season I have known in twenty-four years. No, young man, if you want a fine funeral just wait a bit.

WILD PARK STUDIES.

September Fruits and Flowers in Our Great Suburban Pleasure Grounds.

Whoever walks abroad in the wild suburban parks these September days will encounter a curious mingling of seasons, as it seems from the presence, side by side, of flower and fruit and riponed seed. Hazel nuts in frilled groups of threes are browning beneath their greenenclosing pods. Wind-fallen, unripe hickory nuts lie everywhere upon the ground, their green leaves still tenacious at the points, nut and hull yet strongly cohering. A frost or two will loosen the hulis of those that remain on the trees, so that each hull will easily part in four and yield its nut, now dried and hardened to core. Fox grapes in straggling bunches are blue or red, according to their nature, and the close-packed little chicken grapes, to ripen in October into tantalizing pungency, are first turning from green to purplish red. The berries of the dogwood are greenish pink. The wild

turning from green to purplish red. The berries of the dogwood are greenish pink. The wild turnip bears, instead of its jack-in-the-puipit, a brilliant cone of varnished red berries, iromatore butternats, brownish-green, hair-clad and gummy, are here and there entangled in clinging grass beneath the high, tropfeal looking parent tree. The Virginia cropper shows greenish-blue berries and thinning foliage. The wild clomatis has exchanged its white petais for a dazzling mist of winged seeds, shortly to take flight upon rising autumn winds. The wild rose has yellow and scarlet bins, and at times strange chelky surfaced excresences, unwholesome growths induced by some meddling insect.

Amid all these svidences of a fruitful harvest are dozens of plants in full bloom. All the sixty-two varieties of golden rod seem to be growing in any one spot that the eye may happen to light upon, though when one has counted in if a dozen the varieties begin to seem fewer. The asters, tiny white and large dark nurple, are blooming everywhere, he is the bonesot, the paic pinkish purple and the woolly white, the latter still prized as a bitter cure for mealarla, and providentially growing in low, damp spots where malarial germs originate. The spanish needle is as yet only a rich fringed purple flower. By and by it will turn into the needless that sew themselves into the garments of the passer-by and thus spread abroad their seeds. The whitearrot is turning from white the sample of the passer-by and thus spread abroad their seeds. The whitearrot is turning from white the passer-by and thus spread abroad their seeds. The whitearrot is turning from white the passer-by and thus spread abroad their seeds. The whitearrot is turning from white statherers of wild fruit but there is a host of even beter climbers shead of the boys. Nats and berries and wild apples by the million fall a prev to the insects that infest woodland and meanlow. Three large, and every wild growth is assauled by tooth and saw and horny awi and respins file and the whol